

# EPIGRAMS DIVINE AND MORAL.

---

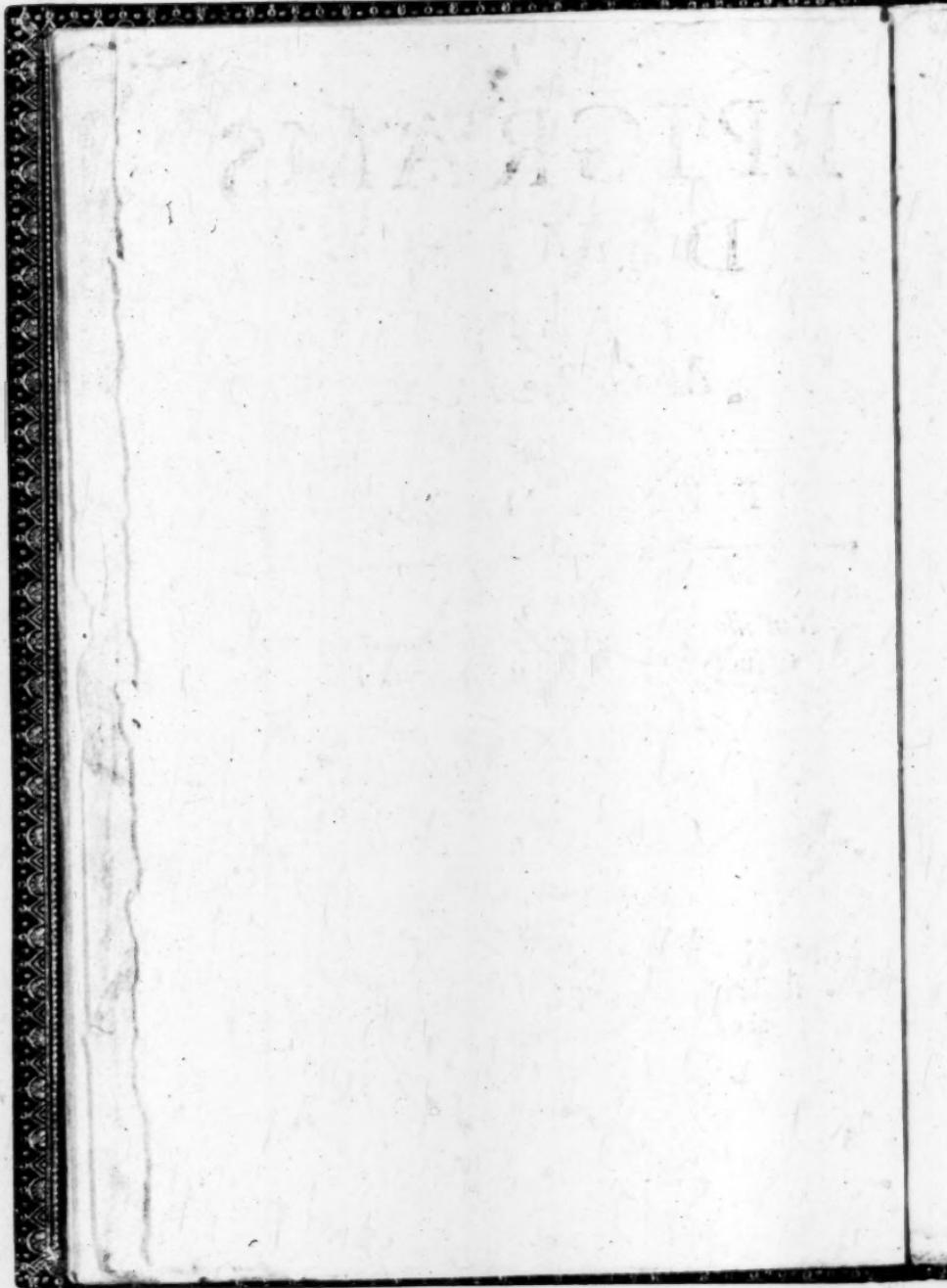
By EDVV. M A Y, Gent.

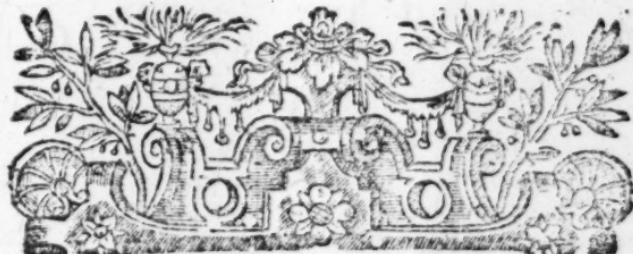
---

— *Non illum præmia tantum quam labor ipse jurat.*  
Claudian. *De Laudibus Stiliconis*. Lib. 3.



LONDON:  
Printed by I. B. for John Groue, and are to be  
sold at his Shop, in Chancery-Lane, neare  
the Rowles, ouer againt the Suppery-  
Office. 1633.





# EPIGRAMS, DIVINE AND MORALL.

---

I  
*On Christ, and the Virgin Mary.*

¶ Virgin pure a Mother to become,  
That Mother still a virgin to remaine,  
¶ Wonder it selfe at this is strucken dumbe,  
VVhich our beleefe makes manifet and plaine;  
Nay more, the Father came from daughters womb,  
And the Creator lay i'th' creaturescombe.

## *Epigrams, Divine.*

( 2 )

*On Adam \*, Eve \*, and Christ \*.*

Come hither *Oedipus*, for I thee summon,  
A man is brought forth without man or woman  
And three and thirty yeeres then reckon can \*.  
A woman without woman, out of man \*.  
Achilde without a Man, borne of a Maid \*.  
Tell me how this may be ? truth I have said.

( 3 )

*On Iosephs begging of Christs body  
of Pilot.*

A Guift there was, & a good man did crave it,  
More worth the al the world, a bad man gaue it.

( 4 )

*On Christ.*

If e're the midſt were good, my ſoule beleeves,  
Twas then, when Christ was hang'd betwixt two  
(theeves

( 5 )

*On Christ.*

There is a thing, the ſtrengest e're was knowne,  
Vvhich is it telfe the Temple, Priest & Stone,  
Or

## *Epigrams, Divine.*

Or Altar; and the offering likewise;  
And he to whom was done the sacrifice.

(6)

*De eadem.*

**VV**Hat might he be, that never had a Brother,  
And was a great deale elder then his Mo-  
(ther?)

(7)

*De eadem.*

**T**He wound that *Adam* did by eating give,  
Christ cur'd by dying, through whom we live.

(8)

*De eadem.*

**VV**Ho dies in Christ, eternally shall live,  
Who lives in him, him death, nodeath, cā  
Where Christ is present, death away shal fly, (give,  
For then we live, when here we seem to dye.

(9)

*On Lazarus.*

**K**Now Reader, underneath this stonic there lyes,  
He that was borne but once, and dyed twice,

## *Epigrams, Divine.*

(10)  
*of Abraham.*

**S**Ince when we dye, our bodies loose their breath,  
What man was he that spake after his death?

(11)  
*On Christ's Croffe.*

**O**F Cypressse, Pine, and Cedar, was that Croffe,  
By which the world most gain'd; yet was it  
For there to give us life, Christ lost his breath(iosse  
The C. presse being an embleme of his death;  
The Cedar of his Immortality,  
The navigable Pine did signifie,  
That death had lesser power to weigh downe  
His God-head, then the water that to drowne.

(12)  
*To Hypocrifie.*

**C**An Gyant greatnessse cover guilt? it may,  
And painting hide and trim deformed clay;  
But draw thore curtaines, and there will be found  
A rotten poast a conscience most unsound.

D.

## *Epigrams, Divine,*

(13)

*De eadem.*

A Candle is most like an Hypocrite,  
That vnto others gives a glorious light,  
But wafts himselfe unto the socketes snout,  
There stinkes, is smelt, and so is crodden out.

(14)

*De eadem.*

A S Venison in a poore mans kitching's rare,  
So Hypocrites and Vturers in heaven are.

(15)

*On an Hypocrite.*

T Is said that every Hypocrit commands,  
The voyce of Jacob, Elias he say and hands,  
And like the cursed fig-tree seeme to flourish,  
But with letues only, and no fruit does nourish.

(16)

*To the Proud.*

L Et him whose vast ambition strives to reare,  
His altitude of thoughts above the iphere,

## *Epigrams, Divine.*

Measure his shadow and he'lle finde no more,  
Is added to the length it had before.

(17)

*On Mortality.*

**T**Hose dayes we had are past and gon,  
Of those to come, we are not sure,  
Our present time we thinke not on,  
How can so fine a thred endure?  
Happie art thou that relyst,  
In that short minute on thy Christ.

(18)

*A caveat:*

**L**et these three things be in thy heart inruld,  
That there's an Eye above does all behold;  
An Eare that no word can be kept from it,  
And last a Booke where all our faults be writ.  
For he which oftentimes remembers this,  
Shall sedome speake, or thinke, or doe amisse.

(19)

*All's vanitie.*

**F**or every day i'th' yeare, we have a veine,  
And each thing in our eye, or eare, is vaine;  
For

## *Epigrams, Divine.*

For every harvest care, a thought we faine :  
As mutable how e're, as is a phaine.

(20)

*Saint Anselmes memento on the last day.*

**R**Emember this thou ashes, dust, and clay,  
What will thy faultring tongue have then to  
When at thy right hand sins accusing be, (say ?)  
And at thy left, Devils expecting thee ;  
Beneath thee, hell belching continual fire ;  
Above thee, a iust Judge incensd to Ise ;  
Within thee, thy bad conscience weake and lame,  
Without thee, all the world of one bright flame,  
Where as the iust shall only saved be,  
Whence it will be impossible to flee,  
Though to remaine most grevious ; then alas,  
Prevent in time, what time will bring to passe.

(21)

learne }     { thou never shouldst decay,  
So { as if }     { thou wert to dye to day.  
live }     { Looke up to Heaven, count that thy friend,  
Despise the world respect thy end.

# Epigrams, Divine.

(22)

*On a Toade.*

One that was walking in a sunshine day,  
Seeing an ugle Toade lie in the way,  
Fell passionately a weeping, his friend by,  
Enquir'd the cause, he sadly made reply,  
How that the sight of that same loathsome thing,  
Did to his conscience, the remembrance bring  
Of his ingratitude to God, that he  
Had never given thankes for th'exellencie,  
Of his creation, being made, and fram'd,  
Like his owne Image, by his breath inflam'd,  
When he being in the Potters hands as clay  
Within his power instructable it lay  
To fashion, and bestow, on him the feature, (ture,  
Of that same Toade, even the most deformedst crea-  
Thus basest things heaven makes an instrument,  
To humble thole are willing to repent.

(23)

*To the Adulterer.*

He that does breake his holy wedlock band,  
But tills anothers ground, and plowes the land  
Leaving his ovne field unmanured, if then,  
He findes feed towne there, may thanke other men.

On

## *Epigrams, Diuine.*

(24)

*On Death.*

**A** Thousand waires we dye, though borne but one  
As manie strange diseases there are knowne,  
Thus divers paths death on vs makes his stealth,  
And to resist him we have but one health.

(25)

*On Sinne.*

**H** Vge frames & buildings, of a pōderous weight  
The earth can beare with a digested freight,  
And all but sinne, that al lthings doth excell,  
It weighes downe, to the deepe abyse of hell.

(26)

*On Inſtice.*

**F**Oure things true Inſtice, never will come neare,  
The which are fat gifts, favour, hatred, feare.

(27)

*Of men tunes.*

**T**O these two pronouines, all things stil are tide,  
For Mens tunes doe the world divide,  
Yet be thou *Creasus* rich, I *Codrus* poore,  
Not worth a mite compared to thy flore,  
The time shall come I truly doe divine,  
When naught shal differ betwixt mine and thine.

*To*

## *Epigrams, Divine.*

(28)

*To Superbus.*

**H**Vge frames and lofty buildings thou dost raise  
Vnto the clouds to win the worldly praise,  
Thy corne and oyle, increaseth, and thy rent,  
Thou dost receive in state, to thee are sent  
Rich gifts, and presents; all *Superbus* crave  
Kindred of thee, no want offriends canst have,  
Rich syndon, Syrian silkes, and ungvents rare,  
Deck up thy bodie, and perfume thy haire;  
The Swannes of silent Lyris, yeeld their downe,  
To stiffe thy couch, chou fearlt not fortunes frowne  
Wines of high prise; lovicke Partriges,  
And Affricke Quales, doe thy rich pallat please;  
No cost upon thy selfe thou spar'st to spend,  
But I will tell thee, that am more thy friend,  
How thou maist better spend thy wealthy stoore;  
Prethee *Superbus*, spend it on the poore,  
For when thou thinkst thy selfe safe and well,  
Thy soule may be snatcht, from thee into hell.

(29)

**A**S two aud twenty letters our speech hath,  
A So two and twentie booke containe our faith.

(30)

*A Microcosme*

**T**He Bodie is the mansion of the soule, (troule,  
Where Emp'esse like each partit doth con-  
The

## *Epigrams, Diuine.*

The eyes its Christall mirrours ; and the browes,  
To be the portall faire, the minde allowes ;  
The eares are the interpreters of sounds,  
The lips the leaves are of the mouth, or bounds,  
The worke-men of the body are the hands,  
The heart the custody of life commands,  
The lungs the bellowes moving ipeech and aire,  
The stomacke of the meates is orderer ;  
The bones the bodies strength in great or small,  
The legges the columes that support up all.

(31)

*De eadem.*

**C**or sapit, & pulmo loquitur, Fel commonet Iram  
Splen ridere facit, cogit amare Iecur.

*Englisched.*

Wisdome the heart, lungs speech the gal has wrath ;  
Laughter the spleene, and love the liver hath.

(32)

*To Extortioners.*

**I**f Dives circled with hels flaming fire,  
A little drop of water did desire  
To coole his heate, yet never from the poore  
Did he extract, to adde unto his store,  
As ere I red, whilst he on earth did live,

But

## *Epigrams, Divine.*

But his offence was only not to give,  
If he fach paines indur'd, what will become  
Of them, at that black dreadfull day of dome  
That never give, but griping doe oppresse,  
The poore, the Widow, and the Fatherlesse.

(33)

*On Almes deeds.*

**T**Hou that dost feare Gods anger, or that he  
Should turne away his bls fed face from thee,  
Then from the poore turne not thy face away,  
For God will, like for like, for ever pay.

(34)

*To Disimulation.*

**V**Voldst thou that almen honest thee esteem  
Strive the to be, what thou desir st to seem.

(35)

*Of Codrus.*

**I**N ragges and tatteris *Codrus* did resort  
And would have gon into the Emperours Courr,  
The furly Porter beate, and thrust him by,  
Saying to nak'd he shoulde not enter; why?  
**Q**uoth *Codrus* then, the Gods are nak'd I troe,  
And none but naked must to heaven goe.

*On*

## *Epigrams, Morall.*

(36)

*On a Dwarfe.*

A Dwarfe upon a Mastives backe did ride,  
He cockt his hat, and set his armes aside,  
And boldly then he gan to boast and vant,  
As if he had bestride an Elephant,  
At last vsing his pur the Dog turn'd round  
And with great violence cast him to the ground,  
The Dwarfe unhorst, each laugh'd, why laugh you al  
(Quoth he in rage) what? *Phaeton* had a fall.

(37)

*To old Omelia.*

T Hou wondrest why no men doe sue to thee,  
Omelia thy husband for to be,  
Should any marr e thee, thou wouldst be tooke,  
Not for his wife, but mother, by thy looke.

(38)

*To Flora.*

F Lora the fairest creature that does breathe  
Or draw this ayre, to which she does b: queathe  
More oderiferous balme, then bruised gum,  
Of happie Arrabie priz'd at might e summes,  
So faire a forehead, Eyes so bright and cleare,  
Doe only in chaste Cynthia appeare,

You

## *Epigrams, Morall.*

You two are so alike that I should misse,  
VVere you together, and *Diana* kisse  
Instead of you, or you instead of her,  
And onely this a difference doth prefer,  
Harts wilde she kild with Arrowes she let flye,  
Hearts milde thou kilst, with glaçes from thine eye.

(39)  
*To Clara.*

**C**lara, I doe not grossly wish thee send,  
Or gold, or Jewels unto me thy friend,  
Or other presents which high prides sings,  
For I can read thy love in humble things :  
May I presume, I onely would command  
A blushing Rose, that kist thy lilly hand.

(40)  
*To Vesbia.*

**T**here but three furies usd to be in hell,  
But *Vesbia* being there now fourre doe dwell.

(41)  
*To a covetous Churle.*

**A**lthough thy blood be frozen, and thy scalpe  
Exceede the whitenesse of the lowie Alpe ;  
Though

## *Epigrams, Morall.*

Though thy few teeth can hardly chew the crum,  
Though to the stygian lake thou now art come,  
And though one legge is now within the grave,  
Yet still more gold thou dost desire to have :  
What dost thou mean ? know Charon does not care  
For all thy wealth, one penny is his fare.

(42)

*Loves remedies.*

To quench loves fires three good spoonfuls take  
Of Stygian water, or of Læthes lake,  
And drinke it fasting when thou goest to bed ;  
Then in the morning wash thy face and head  
With such a womans teares who constant lov'd,  
For these are excellent, and haue bin prov'd ;  
But least these chance to faile thee, to be sure,  
Take then a roape, for that's a present cure.

(43)

*Beautie and vertue seldome meet.*

Seldome is beauty with faire vertue crown'd, !  
The Canker in the sweetest Rose is found.

# *Epigrams, Morall.*

(44)

*To Slander.*

**T**O bite with teeth does to all beasts belong ;  
But thou more beast, bit' st worse with thy tong

(45)

*A Rule.*

**T**Hree things feed life and keepe the body quiet,  
A glad heart, minde content, and moderate diet.

(46)

*To rich Cressus, and poore Codrus.*

**T**Hou art not *Cressus* rich, though thou hast store,  
Nor art thou *Codrus* that hast nothing poore ;  
Rich *Cressus* precious stones and jewels deth need,  
And milke white horses of the Thrasian breed,  
Rich cloth of Tisflue wrought in Tyrean loomes,  
*Cyprian* oyles and Arromaticke fumes ;  
For *Codrus* onely meat and drinke does lacke,  
And rusticke cloathing for his naked backe ;  
Then since both want, as I doe here expresse,  
Be frolick *Codrus*, for thy need is lefle.

(47)

*On the Eyes.*

**V**Vhat man would secret keep, the Eyes expres ;  
Two things they are, cald love, & drukennes.

OS

## *Epigrams, Morall.*

(48)

*On a blind Man.*

**O**ne askd a blinde man in what place his eyes  
He lost, he in a merrie vaine replies,  
Sir, you can see the truth, but I suppose,  
That they were lost, from either side my nose.

(49)

*To Claudia.*

**S**Even yeers did *Claudia* live her husbands wife,  
And all that time did lead an honest life,  
But whether 'twas her or her spouses crime,  
She could not beare a childe in all this time,  
Phisitions skill she vs'd, but all in vaine,  
At last she to a fryer did complaine,  
Who shriv'd her so, that iathree quarters after  
She was deliver'd of a son and daughter.

(50)

*To Drusius.*

**D**rusius I met and kindly did demand  
Whether his wife were on the mending hand?  
Oh, yes, quoth he, and I doe trust in God,  
That she will shortly now come well abroad.  
Sure *Drusius* is a Prophet, for next day  
His wife was brought forth dead, and cold as clay.

C

## *Epigrams, Morall.*

(51)

*On a woman burned in Smithfield the 20 of April  
1632. who dyed a Wife, a Widdow, and a  
true maide, by her owne free  
confesston.*

**V**Hē all in white pure as her qu'et thought  
Sheto her journies end was easly brought  
How sweetly then she on her death-bed lay,  
How cheerfully her eye did dart its raye,  
What crimson blusshes in her cheeke were spred  
And how the snow strove gently with the red;  
All this I saw and thoulands more beside,  
Whose Eyes flow'd over, twas so high a tyde,  
That had the fiers then bin kindled round,  
They had bin quenchd, and she in teares bin dround  
How quickly up the nimble flame did skip  
And like glad lovers, fed upon her lip;  
Kil her faire eyes and with such fervor strove,  
That they destroyd what they so much did love;  
Impartiall death thy skill is strange and great  
Thou wound'st with frost, b't here thou kill'st with  
And the like gold thou hast in fire tride, (heat,  
And her bright soule thou now hast puriside;  
For 'twas unsit the greedie wormes should rare  
Such daintie flesh, or such a banquet share,  
That was ordained by the destinies,

For

## *Epigrams, Morall.*

For a burnt offering and a sacrifice.  
Yet with my selfe when I thy case doe trye,  
Me thinkes it is iniustice thou shouldest dye  
A Wife, a Maide, a Widow; can this be?  
The Law condemned onely one, not three,  
And if the Wite the Iury guilty found,  
Why was not shee alone with fires cround?  
Or if the Widow did the offence commit,  
Why was not then the innocent Maiden quit?  
'Tis strange no drop of mercie could be showne,  
But let three suffer for the fault of one;  
Yet of that one this might be truly said,  
She didde a Wife, a Widow, and a maide.  
Thus did this Phœnix, Phœnix like Expire,  
(Not three but one; not one but three) in fire.

(52)

*To Flora.*

**T**Hree graces were there, but whē Nature made  
my Flora faire,  
Then there were foure, and now in earth shee's laid  
but three they are.

(53)

*To Venus.*

**H**O! fire, fire, this way, this way turne,  
Yee wanton streames fall here, I burne, I burn,  
C 3 My

## *Epigrams, Morall.*

My bosome's all on flame, if Cytherea  
Great Queene of loue and beautey, of the sea,  
Was borne, why burnes she so? we water bring  
Fire to quench, yet loue from thence did spring,  
And turnes my brest to Etna; silly wretch,  
From Icie stremes roun scalding flames dost fetch;  
Nought but a diamond can a diamond wound,  
And nought but loue, to cure loues heat is found.

(54)

*To Critticus.*

Critticas, about to kisse a maiden throng,  
He hapned first on one whose nose was long,  
He flouting said, I faine would kisse you sweet,  
But that I feare our lips will never meet,  
Your nose stands out so farre; the maiden dy'd  
Her cheeke with crimson, but loone thus reply'd,  
Pray sir then kisse me in that place where I  
To hinder you, have neither nose, nor eye.

(55)

*To Flora.*

In my faire Flora's brest two Apples grow,  
Whiter than Ivory or Sythian snow,  
Which common people call her brests, where be  
Nipples more red then blushing Strawberrie.

Being

## *Epigrams, Morall.*

Being unlae'd to take the silken ayre,  
*Cupid*, a hungry, flew to suckle there,  
And hauing suck'd, mother, quoth he, farewell;  
Your dugs have milk, but these with Nectar swell.

(56)

*On marrying a Widow.*

I Rather had to lead a single life,  
Then to enjoy a widow for my wife:  
For being dry, 'twere better keepe me fasting;  
Then drinke that spring another dy'd by tasting.  
*In qua quis perire non bibo, dixit, aquam.*

(57)

*On a Wife.*

A Wife is of best vse, and has most roome  
Within a bed of Downe, or in a Tombe:  
But he that to a scoulding queane is wed,  
Had rather haue her there then in his bed.

(58)

*Of marrying twice.*

T He Sea-man tos'd vpon the raging wave,  
That every rude gust does expect a grave,  
His Ship being split, and lost, and himselfe cast,

C 3

By

## *Epigrams, Morall,*

By helpe of one small boord or piece of mast,  
Upon a neighboring shoare, forgets his paine,  
And dares to venture o're the Sea againe;  
Such is his case that's once from wedlocke free,  
And yet a second time will married be.

(59)

*On a Strumpet.*

**N**O leacherous Goat, that climbs the craggy hill  
Or sparrowes that upon the house-tops bille,  
No beast, o' fatire over-grown with haire,  
With an insatiate woman may compare:  
One Cocke suffiseth twice five hens 'tis common,  
But thrice five men can hardly please that woman.

(60)

*To a Foote man.*

**J**Musd why *Lockie* troubled with the Gowt,  
Did talke so much, at last I found it out;  
His roarmansh p and dancing dayes being done  
He now tooke pleasure with his tongue to runne.

(61)

*To Madam Non-such.*

**A**Lady askd a spark, why beggars wives,  
Were full most fruitful, yet liv'd poorest lives,  
Madam

## *Epigrams, Morall.*

Madam(replied he): they are still assur'd  
To have their ground well tild, and well manut'd  
And if your husband cannot take the pine,  
You should doe well to try another's graine;  
Well Sir, quoth she, since you such skill have shoun  
By you my garden shall be tild, and sowne.

(62)

*To Catro.*

C Atro resigne thy government, give o're,  
The Common-wealth thou now shalt rule no  
Thy wife is chosen governor to be, (more,  
For thou the people rulst, but she rules thee.

(63)

*On one that would pay monie in the evening*

O Ne being at a scriveners to be bound,  
For the sure payment of a hundred pound,  
Being more nite, then wite, would not agree,  
The time of payment on the day to be,  
Why, quoth he notarie, our bonds doe run,  
For monies payment betwixt Sun and Sun.  
I but quoth tother this I dare to say,  
The Evening Sir, was made before the day,  
And therefore in the night it sha be paid,  
The scrivener purst his gold, and laughing said,  
Farewell t' yeSir, and when of mee you borrow,  
You shall give eldership vnto the morrow.

of

## *Epigrams, Morall.*

(64)

*Of good Wine.*

**G**ood Wine should vnto every fense appeare,  
1. Vnto the sight faire color, pure and cleare,  
2. To the eare a sparkling noise being powred fast,  
3. A sweet, and pleasant relish to the taste,  
4. The touching, rockie couldesse should assume,  
5. And the sweet smell an aromaticke fume.

(66)

*On a Painter.*

**O**ne ask'd a Painter, seeing that he drew,  
Such rare proportions to the life so true,  
Why such deformed Children he begot;  
He straight replyde, good Sir mistake mee not,  
The one I lim and fashion in the light  
With my best art, the other in the night.

(67)

*On a bald knavish Foele.*

**D**logenes at supper sat one night,  
By chance a bald man was his opposite,  
To whom he jesting said, my honest friend,  
Ile not disgrace thee, only I commend  
Thy haire that flew away from such a head,  
For oftentimes I thus have heard it said,  
More haire then wit, but thou most right and fit  
Hast not a iot of haire nor any wit.

On

5

## *Epigrams, Morall.*

(68)

*On man and woman.*

**VV**Hen man or woman dyes, as Poets sung,  
His hart's the last that stirs, of hers the  
(tongue.

(69)

*On Marriage.*

**VV**Hen a man weds she he affecteth most,  
He fetches backe the rib which first hee  
(70) lost.

*Of Physitions.*

**VV**Hen help's promis'd by a Physician,  
He comes ith likenesse of a skilfull man;  
And when he it performes he doth appeare,  
In a blest Angels shape most bright and cleare;  
But when he comes demanding his reward,  
Hee's like a Divell and has no regard:  
Therefore I count them wise to take the fee,  
Whilst that the sicke hand will the giver be.

(71)

*To a notorious Lyar.*

**H**ad I a secret that I would commit  
To anies bofome, I should thinke it sicke,  
To tell it thee, for thou art truely knowne,  
So great a lyar, & so common grown, (good sooth,  
That shouldest thou sweare and dam thou speakest  
Not any would beleefe thou telst a truth,

The

On

## *Epigrams, Morall.*

(72)

**T**He Hebrewes at the sacred fountaines quaff,  
The Grecians at the Rivers take their draft,  
The Latines at the silver brookes doe drinke,  
Englisch, and others, at the lakes small brinkē.

(73)

*Of a Witch.*

**A**Certaine VVitch condemned to be burn'd,  
Seeing her Son stand by, to him she turn'd,  
And earnestly desir'd some drinke to have,  
VVhich he denying, she the more did crave,  
Saying, Deere Sonne I am exceeding dry,  
Give me one draught of drinke before I dye:  
For that, quoth he, if I remaine your debtor,  
No matter Mother, you will burne the better.

(74)

*On a Gull.*

**A**Vorthy Lady *Mounser Gull* did meet,  
As he with anicke gesture pass'd the street,  
At sight of her off went his hat and feather,  
And bow'd that chin and knee eu'n kist together;  
She gave him the salute; being Nobly bred,  
And ask'd, When shal your wife be brought to bed:  
He answer'd from th'abundance of his wit,  
Even when your Ladiship shall thinke it fit.

*On*

## *Epigrams, Morall.*

(75)

*On monerie.*

**T**He forme of monie round at first began,  
Because it is to run from every man.

(77)

*On captaine Sharke.*

**O**Neaskd a friend where Captaine shark did lie  
Why Sir quoth he at Algate at the pye,  
Away, quoth tother, he lies not there I know't,  
No sayes the other, then he lyes in's throat.

(78)

*On Signeur Vapors*

**S**weet Signeur Vapora late cast commander,  
Boasts in the warres he was a Sallamander,  
And livd in flaines it might be true he spoke,  
For now in peace, he only lives by smoake.

(79)

*To Camelion.*

**V**V Alking in Pauls I met Camelion there,  
Who told me he had bin to take the aire  
I' th' Tempie Cloysters when I did repaire,  
Him did I finde being come to take the ayre,  
Trasing the fields, the weather being faire,  
He told me then h' had been to take the aire,

And

## *Epigrams, Morall.*

And t'other day I heard him deeply sware,  
The musick playd a sweet and dulcet aire;  
Anothers dancing he esteemed most rare,  
And vow'd he mov'd his bodie like the ayre;  
He talkes so much on't that I thinke in troth,  
The ayre is vnto him meat,drinke, and cloth.

(80)

### *To Spend-all.*

**S**pend all to grace and guild his cunning shafts,  
Swears by new coind oaths he lives by his wits;  
They are wondrous sharp indeed,for I have known  
When with Duke Humphrey he hath fed on stonc.

(81)

### *An Acrosticke on Canary Sacke.*

**C**ome,come yee powerfull raptures,sisters nine  
And bathe your spirits in this sprig of mine,  
**A** Nectar,Ambrosia,nor Nepenthe can  
**A**fford more immortality to man,  
**R**ich blood it makes,comforts the hart & brain  
**Y**our noblest balsum for all grieve and paine.

**S**acke,why tis only Aganippe well,  
**A**nd much it doth Parnassus fount excell,(grape  
**C**rowne mee with chaplets of this clustering  
**K**indle about me flames,draw swords,Ille scape  
**E**ven through the heart of danger,Sack as free  
From thunder keepes me,as the Lawrell tree.

To

# *Epigrams, Morall.*

(82)

*To Women.*

**T**He sword and sea ruines so many men,  
That for one man you may finde women ten,  
But were they few as good, the taylor knowes,  
His bill would be but little for their clothes.

(83)

*On a Sheepe that gave a Wolfe sucke.*

**A**Sheepe(a Wolfe) did suckle with her teat,  
And when the Wolfe was lustie growne and  
He in requitall slew the silly sheepe. (great,  
Thus kinde from kinde, no love nor cost can keepe.

(84)

*To Cornutus.*

**H**Appie art thou *Cornutus*, for to thee  
All things are proper that may proper be,  
Thy fat Sardinian Corne, and Indian Gold,  
Thou truly proper to thy selfe dost hold,  
To thee is proper thy most lussius Vine,  
Which proper yeelds to thee old Massique wine,  
Thy gratafull flockes are proper too, to thee,  
Ycelding free offerings offertillitie ;  
Thy wonderous wit, thy heart, and courage stout,  
All that thou hast is proper thine no doubt,  
Yet if I say so, I shall say amisse,  
Thy wife's not proper, for she common is.

To

# *Epigrams, Morall.*

(85)

## *To Claudius.*

**S**Even wives of thine are laid within the ground,  
The earth so kinde, but thee, v<sup>e</sup> ho ever found?  
These in short time thou hadst, and now hast none,  
I have a longertime bin vex'd with one.

## *To Philenis.*

(86)

**P**Hylenis, doe not aske me why I weare  
A plaster on my lip, thou need'st not feare.  
I doe not meane to kille thee when we meet;  
Phylenis, no, thy breath is not so sweet.

(87)

## *To Lalia.*

**F**Oure teeth had Lalia, which did grik her much,  
She durst not freely cough, her feare was tuch,  
At length upon her it so fiercely grew,  
That one sore cough did force her spit out two:  
So halfe her feare was past, to quet her doubt,  
Another hauke expelo the other out:  
Now she may dreadlesse spit, hem, spue, and spaule,  
For now she's none to cough away at all.

(88)

## *To Venus.*

**V**enus one time got Mars his armour on,  
His sword, his shield and javeling, wherupon  
Quoth

## *Epigrams, Morall.*

Quoth *Pallas*, come let's fight, let *Paris* be  
An umpire now betwixt thy selfe and me ;  
Fie, fie, quoth *Venus*, when I naked stood,  
Thou know'lt I conquer'd thee in *Iadas* wood.

(89)

*To the same, otherwise.*

*Pallas* in armes before the gods once stood,  
And challeng'd *Venus* then to try her might :  
Quoth *Citherea*, nak'd in *Iadas* wood  
I conquer'd thee, and therfore scorne to fight.

(90)

*To an inconstant Mistris.*

*False* one, farewell, Mans woe, and therfore mine,  
Stringst thou thy vowes upon so weake a line  
That they are broke and lost ? Noun *adjective*,  
That canst not stand without a substantive,  
And then art faling too, weake feminine,  
What gender art thou ? or who can decline  
Thy heart, it is the common of two, else, either  
The doubtfull, or the Newer ; true tis neither,  
Nor proper ist to one, but like thee woman  
Takst part with *homo*, unto all men common :  
Forth of my harts true Grammer thee Ile taire,  
So foule a icale shali stand no longer there :

Tis

## *Epigrams, Morall.*

'Tis blotted so, that I no word can see,  
Only thy characterd inconstancie;  
Adrew changing *Camelion*, that dost live  
By aye, and that, my numerous sighes doe give  
Farewell thou various raine-bow, which appears  
More glorious, after my sad shoure of teares,  
Those sighes, and teares Ile in the ballance lay,  
With the light Creature whom they shal outweigh  
Oh but thou wilt not tarrie in the scale,  
There is so muche quicksilver in the tale,  
Tby wanton friskes I tell thee will be little,  
When thou art temperd well with fasting spittler:  
And since thou wilt be changing, change then all,  
And take a lodging in the hospitall,  
Then change thy daubing next, another place,  
Is fit for plasters better then thy face,  
When thou vowst love againe, change not, tis evill,  
For shouldest thou, who'd beleeve the next, the devil  
Why Counsell I in vain, for it is knowne,  
True love ha's rules prescribd, but lust has none.

(91)

To Flora.

VV<sup>E</sup> the dusky clouds do shake their dewy plumes  
And the sad earth exhales her mistie fumes,  
When peatly showres fall, the Sun is fled,  
And each thing droopes, the violet hangs her head,  
Then

## *Epigrams, Morall.*

Then mase not, *Flora*, why I sad remaine,  
My flowing eyes distill soft ihowres of raine,  
And all my powers melt for lacke of thee,  
For thou, my Sunne, art gone away from me.

(92)

To Callus.

**G**ullus finds fault with such as doe indite  
Gullis new phrase, when they doe letters write:  
The reason why he thinkes this an abuse is,  
He keepeſ an old one, serues him for all vſes.

(93)

To Lupus.

**T**he garments of S. Francis, Papists say,  
Will keepe v'm safe, and fright the fiend away;  
And therefore *Lupus*, when that he is gone  
To commit theft, or mischife, gets them on:  
But although he a Fryars habit haue,  
The diuell sure will know him for a knaue.

(94)

Who are most merry?

**T**he Popish Priests most mirth doe keepe,  
For they doe sing whilst others weepe.

(95)

Who most free?

**P**hysicians are most free, for they haue leauue  
To kill, and yet no punishment receive.

D

Who

## *Epigrams, Morall.*

96

*Who most mad?*

**N**ice schollers are most mad, that fight & swear  
Only bout vowels, and for sound and ayre.

97

*Who most blest.*

**T**He poore are blest that are content  
With whatsoeuer God has sent.

98

*Of Marriage.*

**T**He quietest Mariage that I e're could finde,  
Is when the Husband's deaf, & the wfe blind.

99

*To Vacera.*

**I**f Vacera you strictly doe behold,  
You by her face would iudge her to be old:  
But if you by her haires, her yeares doe feare,  
I doe confess she's but an infant than.

100

*To Zoylus.*

**H**ere's severall baits, then Zoylus come and bire;  
Alas, poore foole, they do not terme thee right  
That terme thee vicious, thinking so to gall thee,  
For thou art vice it selfe, and so I'll call thee.

*The end of the first Century.*

1 A

# Epigrams, Morall.

I

## A Comparison betwixt a shippe and a Wife.

A Ship and a good wife should thus agree :  
That being the greatest mouable, we see,  
Man can enjoy ; and yet our art dorth learene  
To rule and guide it by a little sterne :  
So shold a woman with obedient will  
Be rul'd, and gouern'd by her husbands skill :  
And as it sayles by sounding, compasse, care,  
To judgement and discretion must prepare  
Her wayes, and actions ; that though enuy blow,  
She may resist, and triumph o're her foe :  
Here must she differ, and be thus vnlke,  
For as one Vessel may her selfe sayle strike  
To many Merchants, so there must be none  
Haue any share or right in her but one :  
Then as a ship of all goods man can haue,  
May not be heus'd ; a wife should never craue  
To gad, or lye abroad : and to conclude,  
Ships may be painted, women never shold.

## On the Eyes.

The eye-lid's the least member, yet it carrieth  
And has the power to darken the whole man.

## *Epigrams, Morall.*

(4)

*Mors ultima linea rerum.*

**T**He Clergy prayers for all to heauen sends,  
The bold and valiant soldier all defends,  
The rustick Clowne does nourish all, and feed,  
And last comes death, devouring all with speed.

(5)

*On Manuscripts.*

**T**Hough the word spoken liue, the written dyes;  
Yet that shall end, this liue eternally.

(6)

*On a Cut-purse.*

**A**Cut-purse is the best trade in the land,  
For his worke done, his mony's in his hand.

(7)

*On a Shee Papist.*

**A**Young she Papist asked best was which,  
To wed a young man, or an old man rich :  
Quoth one, the old ; so thou'lt be sure to keep  
Enew of fasting dayes, and little sleep.

On

## *Epigrams, Morall.*

( 8 )

*In Mr. Robert Cromwell, who for poysening his Master, was executed at Tiburne, on Saturday, June 2.*

1632.

IT is a common weakness in our blood,  
To loath that Potion which may doe vs good ;  
But in diseases dangerous, 'tis fit,  
To vse like cure that may remedy it.  
And, Cromwell, though the Law was vnto thee  
A bitter pill, yet did it purge thee free :  
Neither could vpright Justice more expresse,  
In way of pittie, or in right doe lesse.  
*Af*ter a weigh'd thy crime with eu'en hand ;  
And though thy peece was faire, wherein did stand  
A perfect Image ; yet to light it was  
By many graines, and could not rightly passe,  
Not with allowance ; but againe thou must,  
(Being cast, and fil'd anew) resolue to dust :  
Yet though thou wer't condemn'd by th' reverend  
(Big with thy guile) thy happy soule did draw  
The breath of Innocents, which perfum'd thy path  
To heaven with sweets, more then *Elysium* hath :

D 3

And

On

## *Epigrams, Morall.*

And sacred Priests to thousand weeping eyes,  
Acknowleg'd thee a destin'd sacrifice.  
What reuelation, or what holy flame  
Mounted thy drooping thoughts, so yong, so lame  
(As thy fault made thee) swan-like at thy end  
To chant such divine Anthems? Did attend  
Legions of Angels on thee, at that time  
Thou wer't to suffer? didst thou heare the chime  
Of the Cælestiall sphære, that thy glad spright  
Seem'd to be rauish'd with such free delight?  
Thou hop'dst more Angels were attending on thee,  
Then at thy death were eyes to graze vpon thee.  
The good sould Judges, most uprightly gaue  
Thee guilty for th'offence, due to the graue;  
And thou a felon were at thy last breath,  
Like the good Theef thou stoll'st heauē at thy death  
Untyl the Law condemn'd thee, and thy spot  
Was plaine and evident, yet that grosse blot  
Divinitie has wip'd out, thou now art euen,  
The Law of man's fulfill'd, and will of heauen.  
We must not say 'tis pittie thou didd'st dye,  
Because we all are mortall; nor will I  
Say thou art guilty of that vild offence  
Thou suffer'dst for, nor crowne thy innocence,  
Onely to this an answer Me receive,  
Shall we the Gospell, or the Law beleue?

A

On

# *Epigrams, Morall.*

*On two Louers, George and Bessie.*

MY better fate, my sight, blest with a paire  
Of young and gentle louers, both so faire,  
That in my rauisht thoughts the tale did moue,  
Of young Adonis and the Queene of loue :  
But here this Adon wo'd one of luch price,  
That had fraile man another Paradice,  
One Nectar'd Cherry from her tempting lip  
Would make him lose it : did he but sip  
Some of her precious and preseruing breath,  
He could not dye, despite of fate or death.  
The rugged Ayre grew gentle at her sight :  
Ten thousand starres, as she did walke by night,  
Hasted to see her ; e're the Moone could rise,  
And did receiue bright lustre from her eyes,  
To guild the gloomy Eue, Nature must seeke  
Some quainter name : the pure flood in her cheeke  
Does cause the Roses blush ; her virgine hue  
Makes Lilies droop their heads, and shed their dew  
Instead of teares, grow pale with shame, and dye,  
When they are cald by some o're hasty eye  
To match those milky paths, which seem'd to trace  
Along her snowie bosome, from her face :  
Her lips, a pretty bird, vpon a day,  
Mistooke for Cherries ; and had pin'd away  
For want of food, but that her balmine breath

## *Epigrams, Morall.*

Preseru'd the innocent from cruell death.  
And euer since, scorning all other fate,  
It's a Camelion cal'd, and liues by Ayre.  
Oh Nature, wherfore whē thou first mad'ſt woman  
Mad'ſt thou not all alike, or else all common?  
But bleſt art thou, faire youth, that doſt poſſeſſ:  
So rich a beauty; nor thy ſelue art leſſe  
In excellēce of feature: for what ſhe,  
I leſt in praife, I borrow'd firſt from thee:  
And ſhould I vindicate thy bleſt forme o're,  
I ſhall but ſpeake what I haue ſaid before:  
So thou art nothing, *George*, without thy *Beffe*,  
And ſhe without thee, muſt be neeđs much leſſe.

*On his Miftreſſe a little wanering.*

(1)

**H**ast thou power to ſoften hell?  
And the ſtubborne furies quell?  
Canſt thou Beaſts and Satyres moue  
By thy art? and quicken loue;  
Muſh thou maileſt, yet faile to finde  
The center of a womans mind.

(2)

For though ſome in ſtores ſtood  
Excellent for faire and good,  
Conſtant in their loues, and wiſe,  
Whose examples might ſuſſice,  
Yet heleue't, blind Nature ſpent

## *Epigrams, Morall.*

So much in wast, she did repent.

( 3 )

And therefore with the Fates agreed,  
To spring such fruit, but spoyle the seed.  
Then thou fond man, call home, call home  
Thy w andring heart into it's roome:  
Liue at peace, and neuer trust  
Women faire, and lovnijest.

*On a handsome Maid, who lou'd an ill-  
shapen dwarse, call'd the Lo. of  
Portsmouth.*

**C**an this report be true by loue? 'tis rare,  
And pittifull, a Maid so young and faire,  
To dote vpon an Vrchine: how can she  
Looke on the ruiner of her Chaftitie,  
And not diſſolve in teares? will not the Rose,  
Blowne in her Lilly cheeke, grow pale, and cloſe  
When he climbs vp to kiffe it? and the white  
Be toyld and blaſted at the loathed sight?  
Shall I blame thee, oh loue! no; for I feare  
The monſter Lust hath vſurpation here:  
Sh' has heard, it may be, how a Queene of Creer  
Did loue a Bull, and held the dalliance sweet;  
And theretore hopes to proue at leaſt the halfe  
Of those delights and pleasures, by this Calſe;  
Who with her helpe (though he be Natures ſcorn)  
May grow a Beast, yet of a larger horne.

Or

## Epirams, Morall.

Or shall the Serpent watch th'esperides,  
And guard her golden fruit ; yet *Hercules*  
Can charme him, enter in, and shake the tree,  
Taste all, and leaue the passage after free.  
What is her rebell blood so wanton growne,  
Shee's sicke till the fooles bable be her owne,  
And such a cramped Monkey : but it may be  
She is ambitious to be stild a Lady,  
To be of kindred to the Pharie Queene  
(For so her changeling is) and on the greene  
With them to trip in ring-lets, and be made  
A gentle faye, and Madam of the shade.  
She ne de not feare, as common mortals doe,  
The pinching of her white armes blacke and blew,  
Her cozen Elues and Goblins will dispence  
(For her deare spouse sake) with her offence.  
Then Hymen snuffe thy torch, lead on the way,  
The Bride doth with her crooked Bridgroom stay,  
Whose humble dwarfe-ship may meet this ecclips,  
To kisse her taile, when others reach her lips.

(9)

To *Fabulus*.

I askt *Fabulus* why hee had no wife,  
Quoth he, because I de lieue a quiet life.

To

## *Epigrams, Morall.*

(10)

*To Momus.*

**V**V Hy Spanish-leather on thy head dost wear  
Oh, now I know, 'tis cause thou hast no  
And I commend the workman did it doe, (haire.  
Thy pate is clouted neater then thy shooe.

(11)

*To Bilde pate.*

**V**V Ith curious Iuorie combe why art thou sped,  
When not a haire does grow vpon thy head.

(12)

*On a Ramme.*

**O**Cruell Butcher, of a bloody minde,  
How canst thou be so wicked and vnkinde,  
With thy sharpe knife to cut his tender throat,  
That oftentimes has given thee his coat.

(13)

*Against praying for the dead.*

**T**Hou sowest in sand, or anglist in the ayre,  
That thinkst to helpe a soule deceast, by prayre.

(14)

*To Cotta.*

**C**Ot knows his wife's a whore, & saies 'tis right,  
One lampe may giue a score of men good light.

To

# *Epirams, Morall.*

(15)

*To Callice.*

**V** Ere vertue, goodnesse, and plaine honeste  
But halfe so deare as is thy drinke to thee,  
Then would the virgin Lilly, nor the Rose,  
Spread it selfe gently in thy face and nose.  
Thou'rt rich enough, for pearles and rubies store  
Grow in thy nose, then say thou art not poore.

(16)

*To Phylane.*

**P**Hyrene lets teates but from one eye fall,  
The reason is, she hath but one in all.

(17)

*On Hermophroditas.*

**P**arthia, great with child, to th' Temple came,  
And offering Incense with religious flame  
Vnto the gods, for her the Priest enquir'd  
What twas she went withall, this she desir'd ;  
A fire flew o're the Altar, and devour'd  
The sacred Wine, and Oyle which she had powr'd:  
This promis'd speedy answer, and with ioy  
She hittning lay ; quoth *Phebus*, 'tis a boy :  
*Mars* said it was a girl ; *Iuno* reply'd,  
' Iwas neither girl nor boy : her cheeke late dy'd  
With crimson b'ushes, now waxt wan and pale,  
That hardly could the aged Priest preuaile

To

## Epigrams, Morall.

To keepe life in her : but being safe and well,  
At length came home , she straight in labour fell,  
And was deliu'r'd as the gods said, right,  
Boy, Girle, yet neither an *Hermaphrodite* ;  
Her time of lyng in being ouer past ;  
She to the former Temple hyes in hast ;  
And hauing done her holy sacrifice,  
She does againe request the deities  
With prayers, on humble knees pressing the earas,  
What fate shold follow her prodigious birth.  
*Mars* said she shold be hang'd. *Phœnix* said no,  
But he by water shold his life forgoe :  
Quoth *Iuno*, as he's neither, so this death,  
Not that, bat his owne sword shall end his breath.  
*Parthia* amaz'd at this, aloud she cry'd,  
Either too cruell ; so went home and dy'd.  
*Hermaphrodites* growne to mans estate,  
Being one time put to a dangerous strait  
By a pursuing wolfe ; flying, espy'd  
A thicke branched tree growne by a riuier side ;  
Whose spreading armes at such a length were layd,  
That they the gliding briske did overshad.  
Seeking to climbe the tree, his foe to shun,  
His sword fell out, and in his belly run :  
Thus wounded, downe he fell; the boughs did meet  
Him in his falling, and held fast his feet :  
His head, the murmuring waues (that seem'd to  
The fates) receiu'd, & thus he stringely dy'd. (chide  
And

## *Epigrams, Morall.*

And so this man, maid, neither, here was found  
To suffer all three deaths, hang'd, kild, and drownd.

(18)

*To Flacca.*

I loue thee not, yet know not what should move  
But onely this, in troth I cannot loue thee. (me,

(19)

*To Appricius.*

Much dost thou proie & much dost thou begin  
But naught dost finish thou hast enter'd in;  
And so when into drinking thou dost fall,  
*Appricius* thou canst make no end at all.

(20)

*To Cinna.*

T Was Mithridates vs'e, and his intent,  
Still to eat poyon, poyon to prevent:  
So because hunger *Cinna* shall not kill,  
He vies much to falt against his will.

(21)

*To Lælius.*

When others speake, thy tongue apace does walke,  
And then beleeu'ſt that thou doſt wiſely talke:  
The arrantit foole that it, may prattle ſo,  
And yet no ſtander by his folly know;  
But now the reſt are ſilent and giue eare,  
Now *Lælius* ſpeake, thy wiſedome let vs heare.

To

# *Epigrams, Morall.*

(22)

To Elisia.

E *Lisia* sent to me a Hare, and writ  
I should be faire seuen dayes after it :  
If thou sayst true, *Elysia*, then I sweare  
In all thy life thou ne're diddest eate a hare.

(23)

To Thraſo.

V Itious, and euill minded men there be,  
But, honest *Thraſo*, this is naught to thee ;  
*Castor* keepes whores, who're feare the smart but he,  
And honest *Thraſo*, &c.  
*Gnat* to a dice contynues his state we see,  
But honest *Thraſo*, &c.  
He sit vplaxe, and vainely watch doth keepe,  
Thou in thy bed al nigh dest soundly sleepe :  
*Calumus* from *Lycurgus* is never free,  
But honest *Thraſo*, &c.  
Thou nothing ow'st, nor none can doe thee wrong,  
Yet there are some things doe to thee belong ;  
Thy oaths are pawn'd, set them at liberty,  
This, *Thraſo*, only does belong to thee ;  
Not one will trust thee for a doyt againe,  
This, *Terat*, vnto thee does appertaine :  
Thy wife does give thee horns; & this great wrong  
Does most, my *Thraſo*, vnto thee belong.

Much

## *Epigrams, Morall.*

Much more there is, but what belongs to thee,  
Does not good *Thraso* appertaine to me.

(24)

### *On Arria and Petus.*

**P**ETUS commanded by the Tyrants will,  
With his own sword his own dear blodde spil,  
His chaste wife *Arria*, being present by,  
First tooke the sword, and with a scornfull eye  
Beheld the Tyrant; saying, Monster know,  
Though it is in thy power, at one blow  
To kill two bodies, yet our soules shall flore  
Hence, spight of thee, and in *Elysium* meet:  
Thy cruell doome pronounc'd, shall make vs blest,  
And saying so, she pierc'd her noble brest;  
Then drew it forth, and gaue the bloody blade  
Vnto her dearest husband, and thus said,  
My faithfull *Petus*, what I now haue done,  
Does grieue me not, but when the sword shall run  
Through thy heart, that heart I lost so well,  
The thought of that to me alone is hell;  
Yet sweet make hast to ouertake: her breath  
Flew with that word; her selfe o'retan by death.

(26)

### *To Luper.*

**L**UPER, when late I did thee sitting see,  
Me thought I saw three men, which couen'd me;  
They bald pate 'twas, where stood one patch of hair,

An-

## *Epigrams, Morall.*

Another here, likewise another there,  
Afraid of one another ; and so feene,  
As if in factions they had parted beeene :  
Thy Crowne was bare, where many an ally was,  
In which there grew not halfe a blade of grasse  
Yet thy head yeelds vnto thee profit : when  
The Emperors dole is giuen, other meu  
Onely one basket haue, but thou haft three,  
But haue ~~a~~ care, if thee ~~Alcides~~ see  
Before grim *Pinto*'s gate, thou art but dead,  
So like to three. chapt *Cerberus* is thy head.

(27)

### *On Leander.*

**L**eander sinking, cry'd vnto the waues,  
Spare me you seas, spare me you liquid graunes,  
Vntill my *Hero* I haue scene ; be still,  
And spare me now, then drown me if you will.

(28)

### *To Flora.*

**M**Y dearest *Flora*, it is wondrous strange,  
That one so faire should subiect be to change,  
For in an *April* day there cannot be  
More change of wethers, then there's change in thee  
Sometimes thou full of pleasure dost appare,  
And then thou swear'st thou only hold'lt me deare  
Straight, in a franticke vaine, thou fly'st away,  
Nor haue I power to entreat thee stay :

E

Againe,

## *Epigrams, Morall.*

Againe, that humor off thou art more kind,  
Then louing Turtle, or the Southerne wind ;  
Now thou wearest much of me, and now againe  
Thou break'st thy vowedes, and pur'st me vnto paine :  
Would *Tantalus* my case were like to thine,  
Thy punishment's to be in waues and pine :  
But 'tis a greater plague to be a dry,  
And yet not drinke, when Nefar standeth by :

(29)

### *To a naughty Lawyer.*

**T**HOU dost the Court with noyse & busynesse fill,  
And practis & talk'it, as if thou hadst great skill  
I'th Law ; yes faith, thou hast as much as need,  
Need has no Law, nor thou hast none indeed.

(30)

### *To Labine.*

**T**HOU married hast a wife deform'd and blacke,  
And yet no wealthy substance did she lacke :  
Her didst thou choose, wisely, to set thee free,  
For hands to feele, not for thine eyes to see.

(31)

### *To marke a Vsurer.*

**M**ARKE, miserable wretch, as I heare say,  
Would needs go hang himselfe the other day,  
But thus he was deceiued of his hope,  
For vnder three pence he could buy no rope :  
Oh sic, quoth he, the price amaz'd the Elfe :

Two

## *Epigrams, Morall.*

Two pence halfe penny he gaue, & hang'd himselfe.

(32)

### *To Marcus.*

**M**arcus being drunke o're night,  
his bed does keepe,  
Till noone next day, does Marcus soundly sleepe  
And being bid, by some that doe him know,  
To yeld a reason why he sleepeth so,  
He makes reply, why does not David say,  
'Tis vanity in man to rise e're day.

(33)

### *The Louers Enigma.*

*Sum sine Deo sum sine te, sum sine me.*

**VV**Hat power shall I intooke,  
and to whom turne me,  
To thaw my Ice, or quench the fire does burae me ;  
I see my folly, count it worthy blame,  
And yet haue no fig-lease to hide my shame :  
Is there an Art vnto our memory set,  
And can we not as well learne to forget ?  
Oh no, for trifles we esteeme as rare,  
When they are purchas'd with much cost and care :  
Like *Tantalus* I lonely feast mine eye,  
And count my shadow that does from me flye :  
As the poore Moath, my funerall flame I fan,  
In louing thee, I leauue to be a man,  
And what a man should be, and am become

E 2

Bank-

## *Epigrams, Morall.*

Bankroft, in paying vnto thee a summe  
Of faithfull teares, and constant vowes; nay, more,  
I am without God; for I doe adore  
And seeke thee more then him: for thee I pine,  
Yet am without thee, 'cause thou art not mine:  
And what most weighes me downe into my graue,  
I am without my selfe, being thy flauie:  
Judge then my case, how strange it is, and odde,  
Without thee I'me without my selfe, and God.

(34)

*To his Mistris who found fault with him.*

**A**S your bright eyes discouer my amisse,  
So your faire lips may cure me with a kisse:  
Then if I am not good, the fault's in you,  
That spaire your kisses and to mend me too.

(35)

*To his cruell mistris.*

**F**AIRE cruell Mistris, faire nor prayers, nor teares  
Can move your pitie, nor my tender yeares,  
Yet since your heart is stone, oh giue giue content  
To let it be my true hearts monument.

(36)

*To Lacon.*

**I**Asked Lacon, that was lately wed,  
Why such a little wife he had chose to bed?  
Oh friend, quoth he) I hold it for the best,  
Still, of all euils, for to choose the least.

74

# *Epigrams, Morall.*

(37)

*To a Braggart.*

**S**Ince, sturdy, thou canst better fart then fight,  
Take S away, and thou art such a wight.

(38)

*On a woman and a ship.*

**A**Goodly ship, a faire and wanton woman,  
For mans vse both created, and both common;  
Such is their natures, their condition such,  
That they can ne're be trick'd or trim'd too much.

(39)

*On the Sun and mans thoughts*

**W**Hat in the world is swifter then the Sun,  
That in a day the orbéd round doth run?  
The thought of man, whose quicke and fleeter force  
Does in a moment circle the same course.

(40)

*On the Pope.*

**A**Glorious seat, and most imperiall state,  
The Pope has purchas'd after this lifes date:  
For heauen he doth continually sell,  
And with those summes has bought a place in hell.  
*Venidit et Cælum Romanus et Afra sacerdos;*  
*Ad fissias igitur, coginr ire domus,*

E 3

*Truths*

# *Epigrams, Morall.*

(41)

*Truths above all.*

**K**ing, wine, or women, which is strong'st of these  
But I say Truth's 'bove al, say which you please.

(42)

*On a little Boy, who wore a sword.*

**I**Saw a little yongster weare a tword,  
The other day, and strut it like a lord :  
I, smiling, ask'd him who it was that ty'd  
Him to his weapon ? the poore vrichin cry'd,

(43)

*On small Beere.*

**O** Ne d/d commend the purenesse of his Beere,  
Indeed, Sir, wet'a little thought more cleere  
(Q'oth on, on whom he freely did bestow it)  
Surely from water one shoud hardly know i:-

(44)

*Qui mact, mactabitur.*

**T**He Salamander, ready to expire,  
Wanting his naturall Element, the fire ;  
Being got into a barne, frightened the Mice  
With his strange vncouth noyse, that in a trice  
They take'vn to their holes, and there they peope;  
Wondring what Monster did their dwelling keep ;  
But knowing who it was, they boldly came,

And

## *Epigrams, Morall.*

And with their jeeres and mocks, they lend a flaine  
Vnto his frozen heart; but twas in vaine  
For him to vex or raile, for still his paine  
Increas'd, and their flouts and mocks grew greater,  
Making his woes, and their delights compacter:  
At length, by some mishap, or want of care,  
The Barne was all on fire; the vermine stare,  
And muse to see such light, away they run  
Towards their Cells, the greedy flames to shun;  
But those are grown too hot, and backe amaine  
They poast, the flames possession there had tane:  
No harbour find they, each one madly seekes:  
The heat does parch 'vm, and their cryes & shrecks  
Is musick to the Salamanders eares,  
Who now recover'd, at 'vm laughs and jeeres:  
Playes with the wanton flames, and leaps, & turnes,  
Whilst the poore Mice consume, & the Barn burns.  
But now no fuell left for flames to eat,  
They famish now for want, and make retreat;  
Leaving the Salamander as distrest,  
As at the first; who being ouer-prest  
With killing cold, casting his dying eye  
Where the sad ruines of his enemies lye,  
Quoth he, I gladly now resigne my breath,  
In that I am reaeng'd before my death.

## Epigrams, Morall.

(45)

To Priscus and Galla, man and wife ;  
Who ne're agreed in all their life.

Priscus loves wine, Galla does not despise it,  
He vies to be drunke, she never flyes it :  
Priscus spends all, all Galla does consume,  
He loves Tobacco, she delights in fume :  
Priscus does keepe a whore, Galla a knave ;  
He galiant goes, and she is very braue :  
Priscus is blacke, and galla is not faire,  
He meager is, and leane, and she is spare :  
Since that both wicked, both so like we see,  
I wonder why they never doe agree.

(46)

To Spurius and Stella.

Stella does bury all her husbands still ;  
And Spurius with his wifes the vault doth fill ;  
Whom they doe marry dye : good Hymen light  
Thy Saffron Torch, let it burne cleare and bright ;  
And grant these conquerors may haue the lot  
For to be knit in sacred nuptiall knot ;  
That at one time they may together haue  
One solemn funerall, one knell, one graue.

7

## *Epigrams, Morall.*

(47)

*To Crispus.*

**V**hen I dine with thee, look vpon thy wife,  
Tho frownst, & in thy trencher stabst thy  
Prethe what fault is this? the fun, the sky, (knife :  
The stars, and things more glorious to mine eye,  
I may behold : what, should I turne aside?  
Or vaille me with my hand, as if I spy'd  
Some vgly obiect? if no guest shall see  
Thy loasing wife, let me then counsaile thee,  
That none at meales may ever thee molest.  
Good *Crispus* let soone blind man be thy guest.

(48)

*To Castellus.*

**G**rieve not, my friend, because thou art backbi-  
But let that ill, be with thy good requited. (ted  
For name of wretch, does vnto him belong  
That flanders thee, not thou that hast the wrong.

(49)

*To Drusus.*

**T**Hou art proper, hansom, & welshap'd, we see,  
Yet many people take me still for thee ;  
Would I were like one foul, so good he were,  
For now thy faults about me I doe beare.

*To*

## Epirams, Morall.

(50)

To his Mistris, because he came not in the day-time, as he promised.

**V**Vhat though I did not come by day,  
according to my vow?  
Must I for that endure the raye  
of thy incensed brow?  
No, rather crowne my head with bayes,  
and kisse me with delight,  
For loue has not such sport by dayes,  
as pleasures in the night.

(51)

To Flora, that vnsene tooke his handkercher  
out of his pocket.

**A**Louely beauty, that did owe  
A hand more white then falling snow,  
To make her sport with others griefe,  
Pleas'd to play the beauteous thiefe;  
And whilst I with vations thought,  
Still at fleeting shadowes caught,  
On my Elbow carelesse lay,  
Stole my handkercher away,  
Vnsent of me; but 'twas her art,  
She might steale this, who stol my heart,

On

## Epigrams, Morall.

(52)

*On a Heart sent to his Mistris.*

Seet, if you can thinke what paine  
A heatt thus wounded, may sustaine,  
I neede not then to you impart,  
The anguish of my bleeding heart ;  
Enough I feele, yet cannot dye,  
Because my life's fed from your eye :  
By you I haue or woe, or blisse,  
This the poore harts evill is ;  
And such a one doe I endure,  
Which no King alive can cure,  
Nor Physicke helpe ; onely you,  
Heaven has lent this power to :  
Then since you all evils checke,  
Hang like an Angell 'bout my necke.

(53)

*To Torpetus.*

A Fruitfull wench God send me, when I wed,  
I hate these barren dames : *Torpetus* sed  
He married Franke, and so he had his prayer,  
For the next day she brought him forth a paire.

(54)

*To such as paint shomselues.*

VV Holoueto paint their face, this hope haue they  
That God shan't know them at the later day :  
But they which vse such colours, but foretell,

How

On

## *Epirams, Morall.*

How they shall shew when they are dam'd in hell.

(55)

*To his Picture.*

**M**Y face the Painter has express by Art,  
But God does know the secrets of my hart.

(56)

*To Sixtus.*

**S**ixtus, thy wife is faire, that's not amisse :  
But she's a cold ; tell me how lik'ſt thou this ?

(57)

*To an unskilfull Physician.*

**A**chilles with his speare his foes did spill ;  
Thou with more ease, with a ſmal herb doſt kill,  
Thou art more worthy then Aebelles found,  
Only his ſpear could cure as well as wound.

(58)

*On a Drankard.*

**V**Vithin this grauche chok'd with dirt does ly  
That in his life time was but once adry.

(59)

*Fine things white.*

**F**oute things are white, the firſt exceeds the reſt,  
Snow, ſiluer, ceruſe, age, and a chalſt brefſt.

## *Epigrams, Morall.*

(60)

### *To Torpetus.*

**T**hy wife is barren, what's the reason trow ?  
Why I will tell thee, if thou dost not know ;  
Plants wil not thrive, except they well are set, (get.)  
And she bears nought, 'cause thou nought canst be-

(61)

### *To Aulus.*

**V**Vhat *Aulus* does, not now doe I demand ;  
But which of these, I faine would understand,  
Or drinke, or sleepe, pray whether of thete two,  
For nothing else I know does *Aulus* doe.

(62)

### *To Callus.*

**C**allus, the dreadfull thunder-claps to shun,  
Downe to some Cellar in all hast doth run ;  
And there he counts him selfe both safe and well,  
He thinkes in Cellars God does never dwell.

(63)

### *To one that brag'd he was nosd like K. Cyrus.*

**T**Hou sayst thou art hawk-nos'd as *Cyrus* was ;  
Haue *Myda*'s eares, and then be like an Ass.

(64)

### *Of mony and land.*

**V**hat's coyn, or gold, or siluer, nought but rust ;  
What's land & great possessiōs? nought but dust

74

## *Epigrams, Morall.*

(65)

*To a Prodigall.*

**I**N braue Outlandish, and in strange attite,  
Thou pleaseſt thy fantasticall desire :  
Sometimeſ the roring French, the Spaniard than,  
And other while the ſpruce Italian :  
But now at laſt in rags, all rent and torne,  
What fashion's this ? is it beyond-Sea worse ?

(66)

*A verſe of Homer.*

**V**Vhat crimes ſoe're great Princes doe commit,  
The Common-wealtheſt is ture to pay for it.

(67)

*Of him that is in debt.*

**V**Vho owes much money, ſhuns all company,  
Like to the Owle that in the night doth flye.

(68)

*On a Fooke bitten with Fleas.*

**A**Foole extreamly troubled with the Fleas,  
By no meanes in his bed could take his eafe,  
But riſing vp with ſpeed put out the light,  
Saying you ſhall not ſee me now to bite.

(69)

*On a Drunkard.*

**A**Drunkard fell into a feuer ſore,  
Whereby his thirſt grew greater then before :  
*Phys-*

## *Epigrams, Morall.*

Physicians came, who promised to cure  
His Feuer, and the thirst he did endure :  
To whom the Patient spake, Physicians see  
You cure my Feuer, leue my thirst to me.

(70)

*On a young man, and an old man.*

A Young man, and an aged man of late,  
Being in a Taverne, fell at great debate :  
The youth thinking the telly fire to cooie,  
Said, turd i' th thy teeth, thou crabbed doring foole.  
At this the old man laugh'd, and made reply,  
Turd in his teeth that has teeth, none haue I :  
So shew'd his guens, which made  
the young man laugh,  
They both grew friends, and drank their liquor off.

(71)

*When Women profit.*

A lthough all women are reputed bad,  
Yet two good dayes by them are ener had ;  
That happy day shee does thee husband call,  
And day of death, when shee does leave thee all.

(72)

*To Flora.*

S Now held vnto the fire, dissolues, we see ;  
So they consume that burne in loue with thee.

*To*

## *Epigrams, Morall.*

(73)

*To Claudia.*

**C**Landia deliuer'd of a chopping lad,  
The Midwife swore it was as like the dad  
As could be possible : tell true, quoth she,  
Has he a bald crowne ? prethe let me see.

(74)

*To Callice.*

**C**Allice I met, whose nose being richly spred  
With Orientall pearles, and rubies red :  
I ask'd him when he with the Goldsmith was :  
Why Sir, quoth he ? because that he in brasie  
Has set those stones, which should haue bin in gold :  
And therefore *Callice*, if I might be bold,  
The knaue has cozen'd thee, as I suppose,  
To giue thee, instead of gold, a Copper nose.

(75)

*To Furnus.*

**F**urnus takes paines; he needs not, without doubt ;  
O yes, he labors much ; how ? with the gout.

(77)

*To a covetous Miser.*

**T**Hou sayst al things are deare, wine, corn & oile,  
Yet thou well stor'd, liu'st in a plenteous soile,  
And wretch to no man deere, thou deare dost sell :  
Alas, all's deare, and therefore thou dost well :

S. II

## *Epigrams, Morall.*

Sell as thou maist, and flye extortiōn,  
So thou'rt be deare to all, yet deere to none.

(78)

*To one that painted Echo.*

**P**ainter forbear, a madnesse 'tis in thee  
To draw my forme, whom never man did see :  
I onely daughter am to Ayre and noyse,  
Without the bodies helpe I am a voyce,  
For my *Narcissus* losse, the world I hate,  
And the last words I still reverberate,  
In mocking sort ; no farther then proceed :  
But would'st thou draw my counterfeite indeed ?  
(*Echo's* my name, my dwelling vnder ground)  
And Painter, thou must onely paint a sound.

(79)

*To her Loue.*

**B**ehold, my dearest, how the fragrant Rose  
Is fresh and blown, whilst on the tree is grows ;  
But being by some rude hand pluck'd away,  
Loseth its sweetnesse, and doth soone decay :  
Euen so poore I, or liue, or dye by thee,  
I am thy Rose, my deere, and thou my tree.

(80)

*To Scatter-good.*

**S**catter-good going to his bed, with sorrow  
In mind, what he shoulde weare, or eat next morē  
Found in his house a thiefe; who euery way (row  
F Had

## *Epigrams, Morall.*

Had I search'd, yet could not meet with any prey :  
He laughing said, away thou foolish wight ;  
Dost thou come hither in the maske of night,  
To looke for ought ? thou art deceiu'd, quoth he,  
For when 'tis day, my selfe can nothing see.

(81)

*To one fickle minded.*

**V**Er' thou as light of foot as light of mind,  
Thou would'st out-strip the stag, the haire,  
(or wind.)

(82)

*To his Picture.*

**H**ow well, my Picture, thou resemblest me,  
Thou art pale and so am I ; thou canst not see,  
And I am blind : ay me, to well I finde,  
Thou hast no thought, and poore I haue no mind :  
I haue no life, no breath does from thee breake ;  
Thou speechlesse art, ay me, nor can I speake :  
Thy boome does no heart at all containe,  
And hartlesse I, without a heart remaine :  
Alone thou dwell'st, vnc companied of any,  
And so am I, though gaz'd vpon by many :  
Of fading colours thou, wilt toone decay ;  
As I, of brittle and vncistant clay :  
Thou as my shadow, for a time shalt be ;  
An weake a shadow still does follow me :  
Thou weake, must fade ; long cannot I remaine,

To

## *Epigrams, Morall.*

To dust and ashes both must turne againe :  
Both thus are like, yet happier thou then I,  
Thon dost not loue, I loue and wish to dye.

(83)

*To the Reader.*

**R**eader, if nothing please thee here, begone ;  
I writ them sor to please my selte alone.

(84)

*To Swillus.*

**V**hen the parch'd earth, made thirsty  
with the rayes  
Of scorching *Phœbus*, cleaves in seuerall wayes  
To quaffe the wished shooers ; *Swillus* gapes,  
Bring hither, boy, the pleasant juyce of grapes :  
Now is the time to drinke ; and stille his eye  
Beholds the earth, and stille he is adry.  
Then when the heauenly fluces vp are tane,  
And freedome giuen to gushing floods of raine,  
Now, now quoth *Swillus*, fill with nimble hands,  
Th' exhausted cups, for heauen now commands  
Vs to carouse ; his drinke is ne're forgo,  
And somewhat stille hee'll say to tolle the pot.

(85)

*To Cornutus.*

**C**ornutus twits his wife and sayes, that he  
Can haue no child by her sterillity :  
Before a yeare was past, she was so sped,

F. 2

Thag

## *Epigrams, Morall.*

That with two children she was brought to bed ;  
He musing ask'd her if those Babes were his ?  
Lord, husband (quoth she) what a question's this ?  
I haue resol'd you this, and let me dye,  
These babes are yours; with you I did not lye.

(86)

### *On a Theefe.*

**A** Theefe condemned for a haynous crime,  
Was for to lose his tongne at that same time,  
But he the Court intreats with fained teares,  
To spare his tongue, and cut off both his eares :  
To this the Indge, and all the Bench agreed,  
And for the Executioner sent with speed ;  
Who being come, and searching, there was found  
No eares, but haires; at this all laughed round :  
Sayes Judge, thou hast no eares; Sir, quoth the wight,  
Where there is nought, the King must lose his right

(87)

### *To Barba.*

**H** Aue I the power to bid the frost not melt,  
Or Alpine snow, when it the Sun hath felt ?  
Or can I stay the falling shewres of raine,  
When springy Exhalations drop againe ?  
Or may I maske the stars, or Cynthia bright,  
In a faire Euening, and a frosty night ?  
No more haue I the power to enforce  
Thy constancy, for lust will haue its course.

On

# *Epigrams, Morall.*

(88)

*On Loue.*

**A** Salve for every sore is to be found,  
But ther's no balsum that can cure loues wound

(89)

*Sent to his Mistress in a Lemon.*

**F**airest, if you doe not finde  
Naturall substance in this rinde,  
Be not angry : what you doe  
See inclos'd here, growes in you.  
Purest colours would you seeke ?  
Goe no further then your cheele :  
Or would you Nepenthe syp ?  
Taft your owne soft melting lip :  
The juice of Lemon well may proue  
Cooling, but the flames of loue  
In my brest, no Iulip, no  
Nor cakes of Ice, nor falling snow  
Can quench 'vm ; you haue onely power  
To slake them with a gentle shower :  
I in your lips the cordiall see,  
*Cupid made to comfort me.*  
From your charme my paine will run,  
Say you loue me, and 'tis done :  
'Tis the heart-ake which I haue,  
You can easie me, helpe I craue.  
For which, to Loue and you, I'le bound become,  
Till for the cure I haue discharg'd the summe.

F 3

On

## *Epigrams, Morall.*

(90)

*On a foole that found a Crab-fish.*

IN midit of Summer when the radiant Sun  
In all his glory, through the Zodiacke run ;  
A Crab-fish crawling from the scorched sea,  
Came on a verdant banke to sport and play ;  
And as he frisking lay vpon the grasse,  
A certaine Ideot by that place did passe,  
Who haging e're before a Crab-fish scene,  
In hast to catch it, thrullt his hand betweene  
Has griping clawes ; the Crab did pinch him sore,  
And made the simple fellow cry and rore ;  
Who to revenge him selfe of this fel spight,  
Tooke vp the Crab-fish, and with all his might  
Fung it into the sea ; saying, I trow  
Ile teach you sirrah to pinch strangers so.  
The Crab amongst the waues doth leape and friske,  
Flippeth his tale apace, is wondrous briske ;  
See, quoth the innocent, alas dumbe thing,  
The pangs of death, how sharp and sore they sting.

(91)

*To Petrus ana Critticus.*

MENS faces differ, and so does the heart,  
Nor can the eye the hidden thoughtes impart :  
This man in outward shew doth gentle seeme,  
And for a Demon we doe him esteeme,  
When in his heart he doct a Demon proue ;

50

## *Epigrams, Morall.*

So although *Criticus* professe thce loue,  
Believe me, *Pirus*, trust him not, I know  
Him for tobe thy deadly private foe.

(92)

### *To Zoylus.*

**T**O answer shhee, I lately did refuse,  
About Religion; know, I doe not vse  
To giue to dogs things holy and divine:  
Thy carping currish nature does repine  
At all that's good; thus to a curre I write,  
That still will barke, although he cannot bite.

(93)

### *On a Surgeon.*

**A** Skilfull Surgeon does these three command,  
A Lions heart, Hawkes eye, and Ladies hand.

(94)

### *To his truly vertuous Mistris.*

**M**Y Mistris brest more beauty shrines within,  
Then can be fancied on an outward skin:  
Let fooles their wantons court, their face compare  
To Roses mixt with Lillies, and their haire  
To Sun-beames, gold, or downe, when it is knowne  
To be another's coming, not their owne;  
And that pure red and white, so highly grac'd,  
Was there by Art, and not by Nature plac'd:  
Shall this draw my affection? shall my list  
Write my despised memory in dust?

F 4

No<sup>e</sup>

## *Epirams, Morall.*

No, I am mounted on a nobler wing,  
I can behold a painted vrne, and sing  
No Annuerse ; no charme the face puts on  
Can move me, 'tis the mind I dote vpon :  
The Superficies of the earth containes  
Not haife the treasure is within its vaines :  
The curled waues vpon 'm cannot keepe  
The moy'tie of that's hid in the deepe ;  
Nor can the outward face of heauen,  
(As vnto what's within) such praise be giuen.  
Where am I? from the heauens, earth, and sea,  
Returne I backe, my dearest vnto thee :  
Thy inward beauty is to thee more grace,  
Then *Hellen's*, which was onely in the face,  
Thou never need'st despaire, there shall not grow  
One wrinkle in thy vertues Iaury brow :  
The elder that thy graces grow, the more  
They shall to thee renew rich beauties store :  
Thy wisdome, and thy noble soule I loue,  
That know'st affection, and how far to proue ;  
Here will I build, here my foundation lay  
On rocky vertue, not on painted clay.

(95)

*On Mistri (\*Westbe.)*

V V Oald you know what is more cheeke  
Then the smooth and glassie cheeke

Of

## *Epigrams, Morall.*

Of bladed grasse ? or wouldest you know  
What is purer then the snow ?  
Would you learne what is more soft  
Then the downe that growes aloft  
The blow-ball ? or what is more sweet  
Then hunger, or the wedding-sheet ?  
Would you know what blushes be,  
Besides the Rose, or blossem'd tree ?  
Or all delights, if you would read 'vm,  
And wouldest know what could exceed 'vm,  
Looke on her, for none but she  
Can their true Elixar be.

Touch her skin, and you shall feele  
It slipperier then the glasse, or Eele ;  
View it well, and then your sense  
Will judge it pure as Innocence ;  
Softer farre then true loues kisses,  
Sweeter then the choycest blisses ;  
More red, more white, more sweet delight  
Yeelding, then er day, or night,  
Can boast of ; oh, who wouldest not be,  
To such a Saint, a Votarie ?  
Why shouldest then the spiced East  
Be famous for the Phoenix nest ?  
Since there may in the (\* West be) found  
One in whom more sweets abound.

On

Of

# *Epigrams, Morall.*

(96)

*On a Louer.*

**I** Freeze in fire, and I fry in frost,  
Vnhappy I, that loue with labour lost.

(97)

*To certaine Maidens playing with snow.*

**Y**Our tender Virgins, fairer then the Snow,  
with which you play,  
Note how it melts, thinke how the Roses grow,  
and how decay,  
Iust so does beauty fade, and age draw on,  
Winter makes hast, and Summer's quickly gone.

(98)

*To Sixtus.*

**S**ixtus the tooth-ake troubles thee insooth,  
That neither day nor night no rest canst take,  
Yet with a good tongue doe bat liche thy tooth,  
And suddealy thy paine will thee for sake.

(99)

*On a Beggar.*

**A**lieue I had no house, now dead, a grave;  
I liu'd in want, now I doe nothing craue:  
A perrigrine I liu'd, poore, and distrett,  
But weary death has sign'd my Quetus off:  
Aliue I naked went, but now I am  
Clad in rich robes, for Cesar wearecs the same.

To

## *Epigrams, Morall.*

(100)

*To his wife, which set a pot of Flowers  
in the window.*

**F**aire flowers thou dost in thy window set,  
And stinking dirt to makethem grow, dost get.  
Good wife cast all away, I thee desire,  
The flowers smell sweet, but woful stinks the mire.

*To Zoylus.*

**VV**hy are thy brows girt with a lawrel wreath?  
*Apollo* such doest to his Sons bequeath :  
But to thy Tribe, that stingest with thy tongue,  
A garland made of Nettles does belong.

*Virtus post funera vinit.*

**T**ough flames doe dye, yet embers liue,  
And griefe and sorrowes usher ioy ;  
Perfumes, when burnt, the smoke doth giue  
A comfort, doth bad scents destroy :  
So, if in vrtues path we tread,  
That will suruiue when we are dead.  
He that is deem'd an honest man,  
Whilſt that he liues, no enuy can

*Blot.*

## *Epigrams, Morals*

Blot the faire storie of his life :  
When he is dead, his vertue shall  
Long out-lieue his funerall ;  
Though all the world be at strife,  
To make his Tombes more lasting then  
The large remembrances of men.

*To his worthy friend, Mr. John Hall,  
going to travell.*

**A**nd must we lose what other Realms shal finde ?  
*Is England growne to narrow for thy mind ?*  
Cannot th' impetuous perill of the maine,  
Or *Silla*, or *Caribbos*, thee restraine ?  
Or, if not these, the dangers of the land,  
Which thou shalt find waiting on either hand ?  
If none of all, thy forward thoughts can barre,  
Proue both a wandring, and a fixed starre.

**F I N I S**

C 17708 X  
# 2583

REPRODUCED FROM THE COPY IN THE

**HENRY E. HUNTINGTON LIBRARY**

FOR REFERENCE ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION